THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1266.

Original Poetry.

EARLY DREAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE LEYDON BARD.

Respectfully dedicated to J. J. Mitchell, Esq.

Fancy told a pleasing story
With her infant flowery tongue,
Of the brilliant wreaths of glory
Through life's winding pathway flung.
Visions dazzling bright and golden
Burst upon youth's sunny view;
Lofty laurels, fair and olden,
Were revealed and shone anew.

From old ocean's foamy fountains,
From her caves and circling strand,
From earth's vallies, hills and mountains,
From the skies of every land,
Came a magic witch word stealing
O'er the young aspiring soul,
Breathing hope through every feeling,
Nerving life beyond control.

Ah, what charms spread out before him
Waiting but his pleased command;
How they thickly glittered o'er him,
Tempting his unskilful hand!
Nature seemed to have unfolded
All her treasures rich and rare;
Naught her potent laws had moulded,
But it hung in splendor there!

Shining crowns of song and story,
Formed with sabre, spear and shield,
Dyed in streams all dark and gory,
Beamed upon the battle field.
Prowess waved her standard proudly
O'er the gashed and falt'ring foe;
Vengeance call'd the legions loudly—
Triumph hurled the vanquished low!

Proud Minerva spread her pinions
Sweetly plumed with radiant flowers,
Scatt'ring through her fair dominions
Lasting wreaths in sparkling showers.
Oft her slender, snowy finger
Pointed to her native skies;
Who would ponder—who dare linger,
Tempted by this golden prize?

Toils and dangers quickly vanished
As the solemn hour drew nigh;
Courage with the last fear banished
Boldly breathed its vauntings high,
Victory could not be doubted,
Were the contest but begun;
One bold struggle, short but mighty,
Fame and glory should be won.

Beauty with her winning splendor
Came to cheer the glorious task;
Love too whispered words full tender,
All was ready heart could ask.
Friendship's smiles were brightly beaming
O'er his flushed and throbbing brow;
Hope from every fount was streaming—
Oh who could not conquer now?

Well!—a hasty step youth ventured
On the startling path of strife;
But how false were fancy's counsels—
What a fearful thing was life!
Then he paused, and gazed, and wondered,
At the dreams his heart had prized;
This he asked, and o'er it pondered—
"Will they e'er be realized?"

Plattsburg, Oct. 9th, 1845.

Revolutionary Tales.

THE CAMPBELL FAMILY;
Or, The Patriot Brothers.
A NARRATIVE OF 1781.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a cold, stormy evening in March, 1781, that a family group was gathered around the fireside of a farm-house, situated near one of the rivers that empty into the northern part of the Chesapeake Bay. An air of sadness pervaded every countenance, and the conversation was carried on with a deep earnestness, evincing a general and anxious interest in the subject under discussion. Two old men, one apparently about sixty, and the other a few years younger, each occupied an arm-chair at opposite sides of the hearth; and in front of the fireplace two females were seated with a small work-table between them. The elder of these, a graceful, interesting looking woman, sat in an attitude of painful thought, with her head resting on her hand, whose delicate whiteness formed a striking contrast with the raven darkness of her hair that was simply parted across her high pale forehead. The deep melancholy impressed on her countenance, the fixed, saddened gaze of her dark eye, as if she were brooding over past scenes of grief, never to be forgotten, told that she was one to whom sorrow was a cherished and familiar guest. The younger was a fair, beautiful creature, who looked scarcely old enough to be the mother of the infant that lay reposing on her lap, while her arm encircled its little form with a fond pressure as if she were unwilling [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER II.

[illegible]

CHAPTER III.

[illegible]

CHAPTER IV.

[illegible]

ways avoided making a personal acquaintance with him by keeping out of his way.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

STRAUSS AND HIS BAND—TOMB OF BEETHOVEN—LIBRARY—CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY—MINERAL CABINET—ROYAL CARRIAGES.

Vienna, May 29th, 1845.

Among the many amusements here, the most common as well as the most delightful, is the fine music. Strauss and Lanner, the celebrated waltz-composers, whose bands are not surpassed in Europe, perform two or three times a week in some of the large hotels in the suburbs, and sometimes in the Imperial Gardens, while the houses of refreshment on the Glacis and in the Prater have daily their own bands employed, who perform the finest compositions for the enjoyment of the guests. Music seems to have grown into a necessity with the people, and its effect is found in their social and friendly manners.

We spent two or three hours delightfully yesterday evening in listening to Strauss's band. We went about sunset to the Odeon, a new building in the Leopoldstadt. It has a refreshment hall nearly five hundred feet long, with a handsome fresco ceiling, and glass doors opening into a garden walk of the same length. Both the hall and garden were filled with tables, where the people seated themselves as they came, and conversed sociably over their coffee and wine. The orchestra was placed in a little ornamental temple in the garden, and I hunted a seat where I could plainly see it, for I was anxious to see the world's waltz-king, whose magic tones can set the heels of half Christendom in motion. After the band had finished tuning their instruments, a middle-sized, handsome man stepped forward with long strides with a violin in one hand and bow in the other, and began waving the latter up and down, like a magician summoning his spirits. They came, obedient to the call. [illegible]

[illegible]

and style, from the heavy, square vehicle of the last century to the most light and elegant conveyance of the present day. One clumsy but magnificent machine, of crimson and gold, was pointed out as being a hundred and fifty years old. The sleds are very large, and covered with richly carved and gilded ornaments. I should like to see the Emperor and his suite on a sleighing party. The splendor of such a pageant could not easily be surpassed. One of Napoleon's carriages is said to be in the collection, but there was none pointed out as such, and we saw none marked with his accustomed bees.

J. B. T.

From the Magazines.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR NOVEMBER.

(By Permission.)

THE MYSTERIOUS RETICULE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

"I own," said Fitzroy, "that I have some foolish prejudices, and this may be one. But I cannot bear to see a lady with a soiled pocket-handkerchief. I never wish to see anything less pure and elegant than this in the hand of a beautiful maiden." He lifted, as he spoke, a superb linen handkerchief, decorated with lace, that lay carelessly folded in the lap of Mary Lee.

"Ah, yes," exclaimed her cousin Kate, laughing, "it looks very nice now, for she has just taken it from her drawer. See, the perfume of the lavender has not begun to evaporate. But wait till to-morrow, and then it will look no nicer than mine."

"To-morrow," cried the elegant Fitzroy, with an expression of disgust; "surely no lady would think of using a handkerchief more than once! If I were in love with a Venus de Medici herself, and detected her in such an unpardonable act, I believe the spell would be broken."

"I would not give much for your love, then," [illegible]

[illegible]

...turned subsided into one of deep feeling, and tears gathered in her downcast eyes. Fitzroy—but it is no matter what Fitzroy said—certainly something that pleased Mary, for when they returned, more than an hour afterwards, her cheeks were glowing with the roses of Eden.

It was about six months after this that cousin Kate visited Mary—but not *Mary Lee*—once more. Fitzroy, who now often complained of a headache, was leaning back in an easy chair and Mary was bathing his temples, which she occasionally pressed with her linen handkerchief.

"Oh, shocking!" exclaimed Kate. "How can you bear to see Mary touch anything so rumpled and used about your elegant person?"

"The hand of affection," replied Fitzroy, pressing Mary's gently on his brow, "can shed a beautifying influence over every object. Mary is a true alchemist, and has separated the gold of my heart from the worthless dross that obscured its lustre. She put me in the crucible, and I have been purified by the fires through which I passed."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1845.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We earnestly request subscribers in arrears for the "Post" to remit the amount of their respective subscriptions. This may be done by mail, and small notes of solvent banks will be received in payment. The reduced rate of postage makes this once formidable item, a comparatively unimportant one, and if subscribers will forward us good money in payment for the "Post," we shall not complain, even should they fail to pay the postage on their letters.

We would add that extensive arrangements have been made for sustaining the interest and value of the Evening Post, as a family Journal, and that those who desire a useful and agreeable fire-side companion, cannot do better than to send on their names as subscribers. Every person wishing to do so, can enclose his subscription money in a letter, to our address, and where clubs are formed, one of their number can send the money with the necessary directions, in the same manner. Although Post Masters are deprived of the franking privilege, we do not doubt their general willingness to oblige their neighbors and friends, by enclosing money for the Post, when requested to do so—the postage, of course, to be paid either by us or by the parties at whose request it is enclosed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

October endeavored very hard last week to be inclement, and actually brought cloaks and overcoats very much into requisition; quite to the distaste of the ladies. They had just mounted their Fall fashion of bonnets (and a villainous looking fashion it is, too, begging their pardon,) and did not at all like the pinching of their noses, by the untimely presence of John Frost, Esq. Now we are in enjoyment of a most delightful temperature. If it be not the Indian Summer, it is mild and pleasant enough for any Summer, and blustering November, as he is uncourteously termed, bids fair to introduce himself with the blandest smile and the most courteous demeanor.

Long may he continue in that humor. When we express that wish we do it, moreover, with something more than a mere thought for the comfort of the wealthy and well at ease, and the convenience of the butterflies of fashion. A long Winter, protracted by the early commencement of inclement weather in Autumn, is a sad and terrible blow to the poor, and a great inconvenience to the industrious artisan, whose employment depends upon a propitious state of the skies. Those who depend upon their own health, and upon the weather as their stock in trade, though one might fancy such an article as health and muscle should command the market, are but precariously paid; and can afford no abatement of their income. We are gratified to notice signs of amelioration in the condition of the laborer—not merely in the increased efforts of the charitable, which are but remedies to a disease already existing—but in a respect which leads to better results and more permanent. There are habits of frugality and of temperance formed and widely prevalent, which diminish suffering by removing its causes, and which anticipate the need of relief, by preventing the occurrence of distress. With all these precautions however, it is unfortunately too true that much distress must exist in this, as in other largely populated places during the coming winter. And, if present appearances are not materially changed by our next news from abroad, the demand for our surplus products for export, will materially enhance the price of the necessaries of life in this country.

We have, however, no right to complain. The highest prices to which, in the nature of things, commodities may rise here, will not necessarily involve starvation. Our land is abundantly fruitful, and we annually waste more than would relieve the want of Europe. If we are taught by the call for bread from the dense population of the old world, our own advantages and happy condition, the lesson will be worth learning, though at the expense of a little inconvenience to our pockets.

On the first page to-day will be found the commencement of an interesting Revolutionary Story, the scene of which is laid in Maryland. The author has exhibited much industry in collecting the minor facts which make up the probability of a narrative, and much ingenuity in weaving them in. The tale is more properly a historical one than most of the attempts of the kind, and may be read with profit as well as interest, by such persons as would gather more of the domestic history of those times than can be gleaned from history—unless indeed the inquirer be a student, groping in out of the way nooks, and among local records.

The war fever in our land appears to have very much abated. We hear next to nothing about war now either with Mexico or England. What the Congressional budget may open for street corner heroics and newspaper eloquence, we shall now very soon learn, for but about four weeks now remain before the annual assembling of what has been jocularly called the wisdom of the nation. The correspondents, editors, and newspaper speculators in public opinion and partizan facts have already nibbed their pens; and, we shall soon now, have a shower of Washington gossip—a perfect deluge of prophesy, and letter writers facts, of patriotic praise and of earnest condemnation. All sorts of things go on to make the grist of the ten-thousand newspaper mills (more or less) with which the country is provided.

The Fall business is now more than entered upon. Our merchants and factors seem to be busy, and of course cheerful; but the operations of the grain and provision markets are a little feverish. The usual trade with the West India and other American markets is interfered with by the rise in flour; but what is taken off one interest is put upon another.

THE ARTISTS' EXHIBITION.

The Academy of Fine Arts, and the Artists' Association have this season joined their forces in one exhibition. The retouched, and in many cases completely restored property of the Academy, stands in the same exhibition with the fresh offerings of our painters, and with some gems which have been received from other sources. Altogether the exhibition is a pleasing one, and deserving of a better and more critical notice than we have space or leisure for to-day.

We have been highly gratified, within a short time past, to notice a new direction which wealth and taste are taking. Time was, when our amateurs deemed it hardly worth while to purchase an American picture. What money was spent in that way, went for "foreign gems," which were quite as often *paste* as *brilliants*, or for maps of the human face, in which the only excellence looked for was a resemblance to the original. Portrait painting became a mere caricature of prominent features—the distinguishing marks so exaggerated that no person who had seen the subject could doubt who the picture was intended for. Now we find not only a highly improved general style of portraits; but an inclination to purchase landscapes, and to order views of the picturesque and lovely bits of American scenery, which so delight the European. In a word, we are finding out that a picture entirely American, subject, artist, and all, may be as well worth our while, as views of old tumble down castles, which may be found in any print-shop, or smoke dried and dirt crusted pieces of canvass which have lost all their original beauty, and are devoid of real merit, except in the eyes of those who estimate a painting by its illegibility.

In this connexion, we are prompted, not only by friendship, but by his intrinsic claim, to mention the name of an artist—still young, but sure, if he lives, to claim a proud place among his countrymen. We mean Mr. Isaac L. Williams. We have not a catalogue at hand to designate the numbers of his offerings in the present exhibition; but we are very sure that no one will visit the gallery without finding them out.

MORE MYSTERIES.

In this paper two or three weeks ago we gave an account of the attempted murder of a Mrs. Burdick, in Greene County, Connecticut. Upon the occurrence of that event Mrs. Baxter, the mother of Mrs. Burdick, expressed her suspicions that one Samuel Vars had some hand in it. A Mrs. Bolt disappeared in 1844, as is now supposed, in a somewhat similar manner, and the two affairs are considered to be connected. Still another has happened. The wife of Vars has since been seized, and an attempt made at *her* life, or for some other nefarious purpose. It is altogether a most curious affair. We copy from the Norwich Telegraph.

Vars's wife is a highly respectable young woman, a niece of W. Gray, Esq.—her father is Bethel Gray, Esq.—her mother is the daughter of Herman Carter, and sister of Aaron and Herman Carter, jr., good and truth-loving citizens, all residing at Genegantslet corners, about three miles west of Greene village. Mrs. V. had been staying over a week at her father's, in ill health. This Mrs. V. was on Wednesday abducted, and the particulars of her seizure, to which she has testified, are mainly as follows:

She took a case knife and went into the field, in sight of the house, to get a certain kind of bark, a constituent part of a syrup she was about to make, her mother advising her to send, rather than to go, as she was unwell. Thinking the air and exercise would benefit her, she resisted the entreaties. She did not find the bark where she expected—got two-thirds of the way to the woods, was tired, and sat down on a log, facing her home, and school-house, &c., about noon. It was considerably windy, and she heard no other noise until hands were laid upon her from behind. A quilted hood she wore was wrapped tightly round her mouth, a handkerchief tied over it, and then she was hurried off by her assailants, who dragged her part of the way.

When they stopped, they bound her hands behind her, and tied another cord around her legs, over her dress—then one of the ruffians made certain demonstrations, when the other said, "Stop that, or I will split your d—n brains out," and he desisted. They then removed the covering from her mouth, and compelled her to swallow a liquid, by holding her nose and a hand over her mouth. At this time they talked of their luck in getting her—how much better than to have made the attempt the night before, &c.—one saying to the other, "Now hand over the twenty dollars." The reply she could not distinctly hear. One remarked, "We had better put her in a *convent*." The other said, "No—dead men tell no tales."

Before stepping down to the water, (the Genegantslet,) one said, "By G—d, she shan't go with my handkerchief," he having used his own on first blinding and gagging her. They then took her's from her side pocket and adjusted it in the place of the other. On approaching the water, the one having her by the shoulders threw her from him, and she went under head foremost, the other appearing to hold on to her legs, and she thought his companion pushed him. She knew nothing after this, until she found herself on the ground, her head lying in some one's lap. She could breathe and speak, but not see. She heard but one voice after this. The man said, "If I spare you, will you tell?" She replied, "If I live to get home, I will tell how I have been used." He said it might cost his life, &c.

He then unfastened the cord with which her legs were bound. She inquired what they compelled her to swallow? He answered that it was nothing that would hurt her, *as she threw it all up!* She says she has tasted laudanum, and that this was not so bitter. He then put on her hood, backside foremost, pinned it back with several pins, very tightly—unbound her hands, and she heard him go off through the bushes. She saw neither of the men—loosened the hood and handkerchief—saw and knew the place where she was, on the bank of the stream and found her shawl, (not wet,) and the two cords, *lying there also.*

She gathered them up, and made the best progress she could to the house, something less than a quarter of a mile. The family had become considerably alarmed at her absence—which was about an hour. She entered the dwelling drippingly wet, her hair dishevelled—comb, beads, pencil and knife gone, dress torn, &c. She said, "You would not blame me, if you knew what I have suffered since I went out;" fell on a bed and swooned.

The cords are not like any known by the family or neighbors; a light linen line was used, we believe on the wrists, from the size of the wales on them. She was exhausted, but has her reason entirely. It is thought that she knows certain things that Mrs. Burdick knows, through her, but if so it has not yet been divulged, that this something (if anything) is the cause of her "taking off."

The citizens of Greene rallied with promptitude and proceeded to the place of the murderous assault, but did not succeed in finding the culprits. Their tracks were discovered, and two men were seen that afternoon skulking behind fences in the lots, by individuals uninformed of the facts.

Mrs. Burdick is now a maniac, and will not probably live long. Her mind now, as when sane and testifying, is on the horrible scenes of the day she was taken, gagged, and placed in the swamp to die!

No doubt seems to exist in the town where the crimes were committed, that they are in some way connected with the disappearance of Mrs. Bolt. How far, or in what way, we have no means of judging. Of one thing, after understanding the particulars of the late outrages, we are convinced, that two deliberate and premeditated attempts at MURDER were made. But the whole is shrouded in mystery, dark and impenetrable.

THANKSGIVING.

The worthy Governor of this Commonwealth has acceded to wishes in various quarters expressed, and appointed a day of Thanksgiving. We subjoin a copy of the official document.

PENNSYLVANIA, ss.

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

BY FRANCIS R. SHUNK,

GOVERNOR OF THE SAID COMMONWEALTH.

A PROCLAMATION.

[L. S.] WHEREAS, The inestimable blessings which the abundant goodness of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, has showered upon our beloved Commonwealth, demand our sincerest gratitude and most devout thanks.

I do, therefore, in accordance with my own feelings, and in compliance with the wishes of many of my fellow-citizens, appoint

Thursday, the 27th day of November next,

As a day of Thanksgiving, Praise and Prayer to Almighty God. Our dependence on him as individuals and as a community, is so entire, that gratitude, thanksgiving and praise are duties as delightful as they are obligatory. To unite as one people on a given day, for the performance of these duties, and, while our own affections are purified and our hearts expanded with piety, to know that at the same instant our brethren throughout the whole Commonwealth, with like feelings and with like affections, are pouring forth their devout aspirations, will give solemnity and beauty to the exercises, which we may humbly hope will be acceptable to Heaven, while peace and good will on Earth will be promoted.

Hence, I invite all the people of this Commonwealth to appropriate the day designated, as a day of thanksgiving—and recommend to all pastors and religious teachers, with their people, to assemble at their usual places of worship, and unite in expressions of gratitude to the Great Giver of all Good for the numerous blessings and favors we have received at His hands—in preserving to us our great civil and religious rights—in granting to us a season of health and plenty—in prospering our State and Nation—in crowning with success the institutions of our beloved country—in preserving to us the blessings of His revealed will—and in continuing to us the offers of mercy through the Redeemer;—and as our dependence on God is so entire that we have all to ask, and our innocence so lost that we have much to fear, to supplicate him for the continuance of these rich blessings to ourselves and posterity, and for that meekness, humility and gratitude which becomes the recipients of his bountiful Goodness.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of the State at Harrisburg, this twenty first day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-five, and of the Commonwealth the seventieth.

BY THE GOVERNOR. J. MILLER,
Sec'ry of the Commonwealth.

INVENTORS.

An Association of Inventors, for purposes of mutual encouragement, assistance and protection, has just been formed in New York. The character of the men engaged may be gathered from the annexed list of officers chosen. We cannot doubt that immense practical good, not only to the members, but to the public, grow out of this association.

President—Prof. Renwick.

Vice Presidents—Thomas B. Stillman, N. York; Col. Clark, N. Y.; Dr. Andrews, N. J.; Mr. Thomas Rogers, N. J.; Mr. M. Pierce, Conn.; Mr. Morris, Penn.; Mr. H. M'Carty, Penn.; Mr. H. Hawley, Vt.

Corresponding Secretary—L. D. Gale.

Recording Secretary—J. J. Mapes.

Mr. Day moved, that, in addition to the officers already appointed, a committee of ten be added, to constitute, with the officers, an Executive Committee, with power to act and add to their number.

The following were named as that Committee: Mr. Pirsson, Mr. R. Dawes, Mr. Gifford, Gideon Hotchkiss, Mr. Day, Mr. Eli W. Blake, Mr. R. F. Loper, Mr. Elihu Blake, David Bruce, Mr. Barnum, Mr. Mott.

The association then adopted a resolution making "The American Journal of Improvements in the Useful Arts and Sciences, and Mirror of the Patent Office,"—(a new journal to be published at Washington, by Messrs. Greer & Troop, and edited by Rufus Dawes,) their organ.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.

The late election resulted in the choice of 7 Whigs and 5 Democratic Senators, which, with those who held over, will make the Senate stand 18 Democrats, 14 Whigs, and 1 Native. The House will contain 68 Democrats and 32 Whigs. The majority of the Democratic Canal Commissioners over the Whig is something in the neighborhood of 30,000—over all others four or five thousand. The Native candidate received between twenty two and twenty three thousand votes, the Abolition between two and three thousand.

MRS. DARRAH.

No Philadelphian, (we hope) ... history of Mrs. Darrah's exploit ... In the "Curiosity Shop," ... of the attractions of the Bazaar ... benefit of the Academy of Fine Arts ... memorials of Mrs. D., to which ... "Bazaar Journal" called attention ...

ALARMING.

The liberty of the citizens is ... right of fashion is despoiled. ...

"Yesterday afternoon, a great degree of curiosity was excited by the fact ... Second street, wearing a coat ... in large staring gilt letters ... *lor's Dun.* ...

STREET BEGGARS.

The evils of street-begging ...

UNWILLING RECOGNITION.

It is stated that a police officer ... a couple of weeks since, arrived ...

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.

The exhibition of manufactures ... Institute, in the Chinese Museum ...

PHILADELPHIA SAILS.

Maule's horizontal cut sails ...

PHILADELPHIA SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY.

The managers of this popular ... announce that their first concert ... given in the Musical Fund Hall ...

PENN. SYNOD.

The Pennsylvania Synod (New School) met at Lewistown, Del., on Tuesday evening ... Rev. Thomas Brainard preached ...

A FISH STORY.

According to the Bangor Whig ...

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

... Southampton by the West India Steamers. The world is full of changes—but nothing promises a greater change in shipping, than iron, of which metal, both sailing and steam-ships as well as houses, are in process of construction in all directions. I perceive that Hodgson of Liverpool, is now building a large new iron ship, of 1,200 tons burthen, to ply as the first of a new line of packets between that port and New York, another as a packet to Rio Janeiro and a third for Buenos Ayres and Montevideo. The quantity of iron already bespoken and wanted for new railroads, amounts to the trifling quantity of 1,960,000 tons! Surely the "iron age" is about to be restored, though speculators evidently regard it as the "golden age." Alas! it is likely to prove as fleeting and transitory as the "golden age" of the poets. But enough of chit-chat, for once, and I will conclude my rambling letter by informing you that we expect singular news from the far north—for about a fortnight since the Orkney Islands were covered with showers of ashes, which appalled the inhabitants, and which can only be accounted for by the supposition that there has been a terrific eruption of Mount Hecla, which is nearly five hundred miles distant from the northern Scottish Isles.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

Rise of Bread Stuffs—Famine in Russia—Slaughter in Africa—General Disastrous Intelligence.

The Great Western arrived at New York, on Monday evening, bringing news seven days later than that received by the Hibernia. The general character of the intelligence is indicative of much distress in Europe, from various and dissimilar causes. We have seldom seen one week's news so full of gloomy circumstances. The details and particulars will be found under their separate heads.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

Extensive floods, causing much damage, have occurred in the north of England and Scotland. Much corn which remained in the field was carried away, as also sheep and cattle; some lives were lost.

In relation to the harvest, it is now ascertained that the yield will be indifferent, and this combined with the failure of the crop on many parts of the Continent, from which Great Britain has, in former years drawn a large portion of its supplies, cannot fail to send the price of "bread stuffs" up to a higher figure than they have yet seen. The potato crop has failed generally, but in England the injury is less extensive than was feared. Turnips which with us may be considered a mere condiment, or garnish, are in Great Britain an important article of food, and we regret to notice that this crop also is threatened with a distemper, resembling the potato disease.

It is noted as a singular fact that fatal diseases are prevalent amid fish, flesh, fowl and vegetables. Cattle have long been afflicted with a distemper, which has destroyed numbers; grouse have died in hundreds of some malady, which has been variously described; and the murrain amongst potatoes has destroyed the crops over a great portion of Europe. It is now stated that a plague of some description has broken out amongst the fish in rivers, numbers of pike, eels, and other fish being found dead, or dying, on the surface of the water.

War with America, on account of Oregon, a matter which never reached the head of the Texas fever, has almost ceased to be thought of. America is rather looked to as a source of supply for food for the people than as an enemy.

The Quarter's Revenue in the Customs shows a decrease of a million sterling, and an increase in the Excise of about £600,000. In the Post-office there is also an increase, and the Stamps and Taxes yield a slight increase; but the amount of the Property Tax has decreased, and the Quarter's Revenue, as compared with the corresponding quarter last year, shows a decrease of about £800,000. This is a large sum; but it is accounted for by the reduction of the duty on sugar, and the small quantity of foreign grain that paid duty this quarter as compared with the same period last year.

The railway mania is at such a head in England, as to threaten a fearful crash and revulsion. During the last few months no fewer than nine "railway" newspapers have been established in England. One London leading paper receives as much in a week, for railway advertisements, as the annual salary of the President of the United States. ...

... furnace, in the following manner:—To 28 lbs. of the plate obtained as last described, add 1½ lbs. green bottle glass, 8 oz. pearl ash, or 16 oz. carbonate of soda, and 8 oz. black oxide of manganese, all to be stirred up in the melted iron; and when cast into ingots cast steel will be formed. The second part of Mr. J. J. Osborne's invention relates to the peculiar construction of a blast furnace, consisting of a furnace formed of an iron pot, 2 feet 6 inches high, and 3 feet in diameter, with 8 holes at equal distances, near to the bottom, and round the side, to admit the blast more equally. The pots are lined with fine clay, and 4 inches thick; in the centre of the pot there is a stand, formed of fine bricks, one foot high. The pot is placed within a can, made of firm iron plates, 2 feet 6 inches high, and 3 feet 8 inches in breadth, bolted together, and cemented, so as to form, with a circular plate at top, an air-tight chamber, with a space of 3 inches left round the pot. The blast is first admitted into this outer can, which forms an air chamber, by two or more openings, by which means the air is more equally distributed through the several openings into the pot.

IRELAND.

The news from Ireland presents nothing out of what has been the usual routine for the last few months. O'Connell has shown capital generalship by directing the Repealers to appropriate the celebrated Orange airs "Boyne Water," "Croppies Lie Down," and others as "popular tunes"—thus divesting them of party character. If this decree can be carried out, much will be effected toward the participation of Ireland.

Mr. O'Connell is still haranguing crowds, and very much in the old key. His speeches attract less interest in England, and are not so fully reported. Meanwhile it is stated that a serious division is making progress between the two parties "Young Ireland" and "Old Ireland," but we cannot pretend to judge of the truth of the report.

The Railway mania is prevalent in Ireland as England.

Upwards of twenty children were left in a dying state near Cahersiveen, in Ireland, recently by a quack impostor, who inoculated them with the small pox virus.

CONTINENTAL.

There seems to be little intelligence from France proper, but the papers and people are busily discussing the news from Algeria. Abd El Kader had re-appeared in the province, slaughtering the French without mercy, and carrying terror to the hearts of the affrighted colonists. One division of the French army has been destroyed by the fierce Arab and his followers. Paris was greatly excited by the news of this disaster.

Eugene Sue, the author of the Wandering Jew, has been formally excommunicated by the Archbishop of Lyons, primate of France.

Prince Louis Bonaparte is tired of his prison at Ham, and is said to be disposed to submit to any terms imposed upon him for his liberation. He will proceed to America, it is said.

The potato crop in the neighborhood of Paris is the finest and most abundant on record, particularly in the plains of St. Dennis, des Vertus, Nanterre, and the valley of of Montmorency.

The Epoque, formerly the Globe, states that M. Ronge, having intimated his intention of visiting France, received a communication through the French Charge d'Affaires, that he might travel through France as a private individual, but would not be allowed to celebrate worship according to the forms of German Catholicism.

The Queen of Spain is to be married to Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe Coburg.

The German States have commenced prohibiting the export of bread stuffs. The Prussian Government has prohibited the export of the potato from Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces. The potato malady has appeared in nearly all the cantons of Switzerland.

A project of convoking a general council of the clergy of all sects in Prussia, with a view of hearing their opinion on the religious questions which agitate the public in that country, is under consideration.

Accounts from Frankfort announce the arrival of M. Ronge, in that town, on the 4th ult., where he had been received with great enthusiasm by the people. He had celebrated divine service, and likewise preached in the German Catholic Church of that city.

Italy has been the scene of a slight emeute, not of much importance in itself, so much as it indicates the unsettled state of society in that land, and a certainty, at no distant day, of a terrific outburst in the Roman States.

The quantity of raw silk exported last year from the Papal States, was above 30,000 lbs., and this year's harvest is expected to yield even a larger quantity.

There is great destitution on the Russian frontier. A letter from Koningsburg says: "Hundreds of Russian peasants, driven by hunger, cross the frontier and plunder our fields. In order to prevent these acts of spoliation, the government will be obliged to station troops in that quarter. If the Russian government does not speedily come to the relief of these unfortunate beings, they will absolutely perish from starvation. They are so wretched that the parents compel the children at a very early age to quit the paternal roof and provide for themselves as well as they can."

Accounts from Constantinople to the 17th ult., mention a general belief that a second battle had been fought between the Russians and Circassians, in which the former was defeated.

NEW ZEALAND.—Sydney papers of the 3d of June contain accounts from New Zealand to the 3d of May. Another collision had taken place at the Bay of Islands between the natives and the troops, in which fifty of the latter are reported to have been killed; but Pomare, one of the most mischievous of the chiefs, had been captured, and was confined on board the Hazard, his entrenchments having been destroyed.

COMMERCIAL.

The Grain markets in Liverpool and elsewhere, are on the rise. The London market advanced considerably—nearly 2s per quarter.

The present harvest will yield indifferently, and this combined with the failure of the crop on many parts of the Continent, cannot fail to send the price of bread stuffs up to a higher figure than they have yet seen. The general failure of the potatoe crop is one of the primary elements of this upward tendency of prices. It may be observed, however, that as regards England, the disease in the potato, in many districts, has nearly disappeared, leaving only a small scab behind, which will not materially injure the properties of that valuable esculent.

The Cotton market is dull—more so than at the sailing of the last steamer. There is less business doing, and prices have a drooping tendency. The same causes are in operation to keep the market down as were previously described, nor is anything likely to revive it but the chance of a short crop.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts are upon the whole, encouraging. In the Woollen districts of Yorkshire, business is brisk, and the same may be said of the business in Manchester and the neighborhood. The price of Iron continues to advance, and on the manufactured article, the dealers in Staffordshire have demanded and obtained an extra 20s per ton, and Pigs 10s per ton.

Local Intelligence.

Miscellaneous News.

New York City.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$1 if paid in advance.

Agents will please enclose their names with their names as publishers.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the year.

Agents are allowed to retain 25 per cent. of the first year's subscriptions as an allowance for their trouble.

Bills on all solvent Banks received in payment for subscriptions.

Agents are constantly authorized to receive subscriptions, collect and forward money, &c. Every agent should always give name and time paid for.

Subscriptions may be sent to the Post Office removed or as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. G. W. JAMES, of Baltimore street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *Messrs Marshall, Cox, E. Brown, Jr., Hall, Bennett, Ely, Hamilton, Wells, Dr. Dorsey, J. Jones, Jr.*

JOHN HOWARD, Jr., Agent and Writer.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON, Agents for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Mississippi.

ISRAEL D. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James R. Wood, Wm. Wood, Jr., Wm. Wood, 3d, Wm. Wood, 4th, Wm. Wood, 5th, Henry, J. Norton James, and John Thomas.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE enlisted for such Posts.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operations of the new Post Office law, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding $5 dollars in amount) is received, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. The receipt must be sent to the publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master who gave the receipt.

The Post Master will then pay the money to the publisher, and the receipt will be returned to him, with the name of the party, the publication, and the newspaper or periodical for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher is not authorized to frank said letter, but he may frank the letter containing the money, and receipt for the same, if money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Madison, Pa., September 15, 1845.*

Received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the same, and then paid the amount to the Post Office Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following as to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Madison, Pa., September 15, 1845.*

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

Sir—I have duly received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the same, and then paid the amount to the Post Office Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intercourse law, may remit in bank notes, or deposit money, as above, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

No. 3 of CHARLES PEALE'S SERIES of SAMUEL BARD, NORTH'S ADMINISTRATION. *No. 3, in French. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.* Mr. Peale has secured a high reputation as a correct delineator of the costume and beauty of French, and sweet the teacher, have been successful. The number of the Ladies' Book for the month is a review of School Books, all of which have been prepared with great knowledge and skill. It is a selection of materials of various kinds, which will be found valuable for the purposes of instruction. The articles are merely enhanced in a course of French study in this city. They produce a strong effect upon the mind, and are well arranged in the volume. The selection touches the student the elements and combinations, the structure of sentences, the principles of the use of two languages, familiar him with words, models of style and thought.

KANE LAW CONVERSATIONS.—The work is published for the author, Asa Kane, Esq., who may be addressed at the Astor House, New York. It contains about 200 pages, and contains a Digest of cases reported in the United States and Upper Canada Law Journal, and other valuable publications that we should think no lawyer would willingly be without it. It contains all the most and important cases that have been decided and read up to the present time, without the labor and fatigue of examining the full reports, which few have the means of access to all. Where fuller notice is desired than the limits of the Conversations will allow, a reference is made by a to the proper authorities and publications to enco.

Mr. Kane has evidently devoted much time and labor to the preparation of this work, and the general principles of common and statute law, in the same manner. To the tutor the Quarterly Conversations on a convenient repository of a study, and as a convenient and trustworthy series of works, we do not know any more valuable book.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE *for October.* No. VIII of the Prairie sketches is an engraving by Rawdon, Wright & Hatch, from a picture by Bodmer, "Big Horn Basin." It is from a life like picture from nature, and the artists have done their duty in the engraving. The title will be used to be a great thoroughness. Porter and Coates' Sketches in this magazine are worth more than the price of the work—to say nothing of the literary contents. Sketches are now almost the best item in the country. There is another beautiful engraving in this number—a view of Georgia College, by the same engravers.

GODEY'S MAGAZINE. *October.* A specimen of the matter of this number will find favor out with our readers. The engravings are all attractive. The first is a most exquisitely finished engraving, by Cushman, from a spirited picture by Darley—The Indian Captive. The second, a vignette paper representing the attention to a young lady in the absence of a rapids. We are always glad to take up this magazine—sure of finding in it something worth our while. Terms, $3 per annum. Philadelphia.

MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN LADY. *Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.* This book, by Mrs. Grant, is description of American manners, and is a very interesting work. It is one of those works which never loses their charm, and one of which we are glad to see a new.

MONTGOMERY'S POEMS. *Snow & Ball, of the city,* have published a very beautiful two volume edition of the poems of James Montgomery. They will form a most worthy and acceptable present for the holidays, or any other season.

CHRONOLOGY MADE. The second number of Mr. Haven's Chronographic Maps has been received by *Lord, Gay & Blakeslee.* They are large, distinct, and neat.

THE ILLUSTRATED HOLY BIBLE. No. 41 of this beautiful work has been received by *Lord, Gay & Blakeslee, by Zieber & Co., and by T. B. Peterson.*

BLACKWOOD. *Zieber & Co.* has received the reprint for October. The number is very interesting, and contains food bit at the ruddiest mania.

WARBURTON JAW No. 3 of Harpers' Illustrated Shakespeare has been received by *Lord, Gay & Blakeslee, and T. B. Peterson.*

Casualties.

BY On Tuesday night the 21st ult. a vat laden with corn, was being run on the railroad at Marietta, (Va.) on a spot at the head of a considerable descending grade. During the night it became loose, and has been seen by the descending train of cars coming up on the front of which were Mr. C. F. M. Garnett, the State Engineer, and a constable. Mr. Stockton. The collision crushed one of Mr. Garnett's thighs in a terrible manner in two places. Mr. Stockton had both his legs broken and horribly mangled, and a conductor, whose name was not learned, had one leg entirely cut off.

BY We learn from the Fall River Mass. News, that on the evening of last week, Mr. Asa Davol Stafford, David Stafford, jr., and Jacob Stacey were all launch heavy sailing dinghy out a cheaper in Perry B. Mason's dock, when the boat struck a rock, Stafford, jr. s. head and face was somewhat injured. Mr. Stacey had one leg broken, one of his fingers thrown off, and one of his toes put out.

BY On Wednesday night week a man by the name of James Meehan, from two boys, Tell and John s twelfth short his feet deep in Pittsburgh was instantly killed, as his head was somewhat cut and his neck dislocated. The Coroner's jury brought in a verdict to the intoxicating liquor against the two boys Stephens who had left, the vault in that exposed condition.

BY A little girl in Massachusetts was choked to death on Wednesday week, while eating chestnuts.

BY Three boys, John Gnoudo and Tecumseh sons of *Mr. T. S. Turley, Mr. John Morris and Mr. Nevill, of Memphis, Tenn.*, were buried alive on the 13th ult. by a part of the bluff at that place under which they were playing, caving in upon them. They had been missed about four hours when found.

BY We learn from the New Hampshire Patriot, that three boys, in attempting to cross the Merrimack river, on the ice, at Pawtucket Falls, on Tuesday, of last week, were carried over the falls and drowned. The youngest boy was five years old, and the oldest but ten years of age. Mr. Whitney, of Hooksett.

BY At Captain Norton, of Wilkesbarre, Penn., was standing on the railroad track, passing a load of bread in a hand in his hand, the cars started and caught one of his legs below the knee, crushing it to atoms. Amputation was performed and he is doing well.

BY In Baltimore, on Friday morning week, a little girl about six or seven years of age, a child of Mr. John Marshall, was found to death by its clothes taking fire during the absence of its parents. The child's legs and stomach were burned almost to a crisp.

CATTLE SHOW.

The annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture took place at the Chestnut Hill Course. The show was very good, and the weather was clear and delightful, though tolerably sharp. The best feature of the exhibition was the display of stock, which excited all former ones. The display of neat cattle and working oxen was creditable; that of horses small. The display of agricultural implements was full and interesting. The orator was Dr. George McClellan, who delivered an excellent practical discourse. The ploughing match took place in the high grain cultivation of all interested. We subjoin a list of the premiums:

HORSES.

For the best brood mare, Harriet Bey Tenzie, the property of Jos. H. Wallace, of Philadelphia, the second best do., do., do. $5 00

For the best Stud Horse, adapted to the field and road, to John Conrad, the property of Wm. Sterling, of New Jersey, 5 00

For the best Stud Horse, adapted to field and road, to John Conrad, the property of Mr. Wm. Sterling, of New Jersey, 5 00

For the best Mare, adapted to the field and road, to John Conrad, the property of Mr. Wm. Sterling, of New Jersey, 5 00

For the best Mare, adapted to the field and road, to John Conrad, the property of Mr. Wm. Sterling, of New Jersey, 5 00

For the second best do. do. to Tippe, the property of Mr. Wm. Sterling, of New Jersey, 3 00

For the best Horse Colt, between 3 and 4 years old, to Bay Hickman, the property of John Hickman, of Delaware county, 5 00

For the second best do. do. to Grouse, the property of James Duke, of Delaware county, 3 00

For the best Mare Colt, between 3 and 4 years old, to Miss Clip, the property of Roman J. Walker, of Philadelphia county, 5 00

CATTLE OVER TWO YEARS OLD.

For the best Durham Cow, over 4 years old, to Jane Hooper, for Duke of Wellington, by Prince Albert, 10 00

For the best do. do. to the property of Mr. Hall, by Prince of Wales, 5 00

For the best Durham Bull, between 2 and 3 years old, to Jacob Reichl, for Carlton, 5 00

For the best heifer, to R. H. Sharpless, for Comet, 5 00

For the best Devon Bull, to R. T. Potts, for Mercury, 5 00

For the best Ayrshire Bull, to David Boyd, for Duke, 5 00

For the best Alderney Bull, to John B. Stoppler, of the Stoppler Grange, 5 00

For the best Durham Cow, over 4 years old, to W. Hughes, for Lady Bird, 5 00

For the best heifer, to Dennis Kelly, for Fairlawn, 5 00

For the best Durham Cow, between 2 and 4 years old, to Dennis Kelly, for Sally Walker, 5 00

For the next best do. do. to Samuel Cooper, for Comet, 3 00

For the best Heifer of mixed breed, between 2 and 3 years old, to Michael Dolan, for Cora, 5 00

For the next best do. to Dennis Kelly, for Dolly, 3 00

For the best Heifer of native breed, between 2 and 3 years old, to R. T. Potts, for Blossom, 5 00

For the best Cow of Durham blood, to Owen James, for Dorsey, 5 00

For the next best do. do. to R. T. Potts, for Nell, 3 00

For the best Alderney Cow, to John Hooper, for Lady Bird, 5 00

For the best Cow of mixed blood, to Lee Conover, for Rose Hetzen, 4 00

For the next best do. to Samuel Cooper, for Fair Helen, 2 00

For the best Cow of native breed, to Gen. Martin, for Fanny, 4 00

For the next best do. do. to Michael Dolan, for Cora, 2 00

For the best yoke of Working Oxen, to Michael Dolan, for Duke and Duchess, 5 00

For the next best do. do. to George Blight, 3 00

For the best Bull, to Alexander Ralston, 5 00

For the best Ox Steer, to David B. Boning, 4 00

For the best Ox Steer, between 3 and 4 years old, to Michael Durham, that were by the rules prohibited from entering the ring, and the committee, among which were Mr. Kelly's Prize of Wales, and Mr. Robert's Cow Victoria.

Some very fine Durham stock was exhibited by Mr. Hall, of Montgomery county, but was excluded by reason of not having the animals the property of John Hooper, Mr. Daisy and S. Morris.

The Ploughing and Working Oxen were exhibited by J. W. Roberts, Henry Hall and Wm. W. Roberts

CATTLE UNDER TWO YEARS OLD.

For the best Durham Bull between one and two years old, to Dennis Kelly, for Sir Walter, 5 00

For the best do. do. to Dr. Barton, for his bull Rose, 3 00

For the best Alderney Bull, to Robt. T. Potts, for his bull Orange Boy, 4 00

For the next best do. do. to John Supplee, for his bull Alexander, 2 00

For the best Durham Heifer, to Dr. Barton, for Lady Clara Vere, 5 00

For the best Heifer of mixed breed to Isaac Wharton, for Lucy, 5 00

For the next best do. to John Jeffry, for his Heifer Lucy, 3 00

For the best Heifer of Native breed, to Samuel Bennett, for Lucy, 5 00

For the next best do. do. to Elizabeth Bennett, for Lucy, 3 00

There were a large number of fine cattle exhibited, for which premiums were awarded, the following which was not mentioned in the list: Mr. Samuel Bennett, Mr. Jabez Mahony, likewise, two very handsome Working Oxen, the property of Mr. Martin, the stock of Jacob Valentine

SHEEP AND SWINE

For the best best Leicester Ram, to Robert Hay, for Lord Byron, $1 00

For the second best do. to Aaron Clement, 1 00

For the best Buck of mixed breed, to Isaac Newton, 1 00

For the best brood tailed Buck, to Isaac Newton, For the best five Southdown Ewes, to Aaron Clement, 1 00

For the best do. do. to John Johnson, 1 00

For the next best do. to John Johnson, 1 00

For the best five Leicester Lambs, to Aaron Clement, 1 00

For the best four Leicester Lambs, to Aaron Clement, 1 00

For the best Leicester Buck, over two years old, to Aaron Clement, 1 00

For the second best do. do. to Aaron Clement, 1 00

For the best Southdown Buck, over two years old, to Aaron Clement, 1 00

For the best Southdown Buck, under one year old, to Aaron Clement, 1 00

For the best Ram, to Aaron Clement, 1 00

Mr. Isaac Newton also exhibited so remarkably fine Buck, that the committee awarded him a premium which the committee thought proper to withhold.

For the best litter of Pigs, not less than six or more than nine, to Joel Fisher, 2 00

For the best do. to Samuel Martin, 1 00

For the best Boar, of Chester County breed, over weight, 2 00

For the next do. do. to Pennsylvania Hospital, 1 00

For the best Boar of other breed, to James Kemp, For the best Sow, of Chester County breed, 2 00

For the best best do. to Philip Gleisser, for his Sow, 1 00

For the best Berkshire Sow, to Rachel Hartman, 1 00

For the best do. do. Pennsylvania Hospital,

To Benjamin Hickman, a complementary premium of $5, for four extraordinary fine Sheep, not coming under a distinct breed, on the list of premiums.

To Philip Garrett, a complementary premium of $1 for a pair of very handsome pigs, of Chester county breed.

To Isaac Newton, a complementary premium of $1 for two very fine pigs not coming under a distinct breed.

For the best pair of improved Essex pigs, Chester County premium of $1 was awarded to Anthony T. Bowdoin, and a complementary premium of one dollar to Isaac Newton.

For the best pair of improved Suffolk pigs, Chester County premium of $1 was awarded to Anthony T. Bowdoin, and a complementary premium of one dollar to Isaac Newton.

For the best pair of Ducks, to Isaac Jones, of New Jersey, 1 00

For the best pair of Geese, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Turkeys, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Guinea Fowls, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Bantam Fowls, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Dorking Fowls, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Poland Fowls, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Game Fowls, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Spanish Fowls, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Silver Pheasants, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Gold Pheasants, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Pea Fowls, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Rabbits, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Guinea Pigs, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Canary Birds, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Parrots, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Parroquets, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Paroquets, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Paroquets, to Isaac Jones, 1 00

For the best pair of Pa

Selected Poetry.

From the Illustrated Review, for October.

THE FISHERMEN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Rounds the Spanish breeze
Blow the fair, blow the mother,
Blow the fair, blow the breeze,
Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rocky coast of Spain,
The slopes of purple grapes,
The orange and citron grove,
And the arms that reach and clasp.

From the hill and hollow the shepherd,
And the vintager with song,
And the muleteer passes answering
The wild cry along.

Our way lies behind us,
Our home on the deep,
Where fancies change never
And dead things sleep.

For there, in the coldest
And stillest hour
Of the noon and the night,
When the sails flap and fall,
And sea and sky seem asleep,
Looms the light-house
Where Spain greets her sailors
And tells them their coast is near.

Now we meet the cool, fresh breeze,
And the land is far behind,
And the watch on deck is changed,
And the night is come.

We have no lack of fish,
Our luck is fair and good,
Our nets are tight and strong,
And our boat is tight and stanch.

Now fore and aft we scatter
Broadcast the grain for bait,
Some few cigars are smoked,
And a light supper eaten,
Then lights are quenched,
And we lie down to rest,
Saving the watch on deck,
Who guards the helm and sees
That the binnacle lamp burns bright.

Sleep on, my love, sleep on,
Thy dreams shall be sweet;
I will not wish thee a waking
While slumber thy eyelids keep.

The wave of Heaven shall guide us,
The breath of Heaven shall spread
Our pilot is the star of love,
And the providence of God.

* An island of red sandstone in the Magdalena river.

† Our next harbor was Little Mountain. There the mountains were more bold and the trees more luxuriant. Near us was a rock two thousand feet high, which we ascended, and saw from the summit a chain of deserts, and an interminable sense of silence—a wild and impressive grandeur. *Narrative of Lieut. Page.*

‡ Tree-toad. § Agua.

From the Monthlies.

FROM THE LADIES' REPOSITORY, MONTHLY.

THE VICTIM OF PRIDE.

BY MRS. P. W. CAROTHERS.

It was twilight. The soft rose clouds of evening had faded to a silvery gray, a light dew was cooling the sultry air, the hum of the bee was stilled, and a profound repose brooded over the scene. A young girl sat in the stoop of a farm-house of early construction in New England, and, save the tapping of her foot upon the floor, there was no sound to break the quiet solitude of the evening, as the fowls peacefully roll the evening home.

But there was no quiet in the bosom of the solitary girl, but rather the raging of a tempest, which all should have calm as the evening's serene repose, pure as the vault above.

At length the green sward announced the approach of some one, and a tall figure stepped between the setting sun and the vine-clad porch. Instantly a soft tone from a manly voice aroused the girl, who started back into the farther corner from her unwelcome visitor.

"Here is this Hope, I thought you wished to see me. I came to you immediately, and I will not give me no welcome—say? You stand from me as if my presence was defilement."

For several minutes Hope sat with her hands tightly pressed over her brow, and answered nothing to the calm, passionless address of her lover for such had been the young man who had sought for Sarah Hope southdown her hand and raised her head, but she knew there light enough in the room marked the lustrous flashing of her eyes—the deep crimson of her brow, the most unpractised observer would have felt that something more than ordinary shame had sent that current of warm blood to suffuse the temples that usually knew back a halo of light from her white brow. But a demure had taken possession of that young heart and henceforth would be queen-lord between the light of life.

Henry Thornton drew closer to her side, and through unable to comprehend the deep emotions that convulsed every pulsation of the delicate vital he held yet he felt sure for the girl he had titled with, and tried to console her what he imagined would be a temporary grief.

Dearest Hope, believe me if your old enough, and such enough to please myself at the moment of a love, I would prove you to the whole world, and with pride and pleasure would exhibit you as my future bosom friend and bosom relations. But I am not of age, and would be a coward indeed to act in opposition to my father's wishes. Be calm, dear Hope, and let father would not hesitate a moment to turn me penniless into the world, and a pretty figure I should cut among you Yankees with a wife and no means to maintain her. Let me see you I should not be able to visit them, or to have their visit them, and as for labor, I am certain I should starve at it."

There was a cool of oriental irony around the lip of Hope as the haughty lover poured out the spirit of the southern student of his inability to maintain a wife.

And this there is the end of your immortal passion," said she in deep, hollow tones, "this is the end of your eternal constancy."

"Say! Hope, what could you expect from a boy of twenty?"

"Truth and sincerity," she slowly interrogated. "When you professed me your heart I frankly gave you mine in return, and what I love from you was that was the thing for which I had bartered it. That knowledge could not have been unknown to you. And loved with all the depth and strength of woman's love can, though the old man has chilled them by his cold and heartless offering of life. I can never offer the dear-cared affections of that heart at another shrine. Henceforth, they remain in the cell of the profoundest depths of silent sufferance, and no man shall ever be permitted to look upon their inner heart—but think not I forgive the evil then wantonly inflicted. Yes, Henry, forgive—never. I am a poor laborer's daughter, you deem me low to share the wealth of his fortune and one of the ornaments has called you to, and you the owner of broad lands and teeming wealth, and you are of the poor New England maiden—but I will love in your own sphere. I will not pass to help you, than, to tell you how profoundly I hold in contempt your idle professions of rank and birth, and how easily I could mould you to my will did it comport with my pride to do so. But I will not do it. I will fast, soulless being who could win the heart of a lowly maiden only to trample it in the dust. I would not be your mistress—by no means—my darling vows are of constancy. You will think of me latterly because, when the bubble world has cast you off, and true hearts are far from you. Then you will turn you and bless a lowly maiden—and my best friend rather than the gilded mirror of fortune. Farewell—you must not—no, none shall witness but that will be to alter truth. Go—as the spirit of the criminal fled to Tartarus, and as the spirit of he entombed it was cry—and a slight shudder thrilled her entire at the notion, for she could not speak she had withdrawn as if and touched into the future. For some time he [illegible] in deep reverie, and his feelings appeared painfully excited, for his cheek was flushed, and his dark eye half veiled by the lashes, and the shadows that crossed his young brow proved the depth of the mental conflict. Starting up he called Hope, first in a low, then in a louder key, but no answer or manner he passed into the dwelling. It seemed that his anger was gradually as his cold to the feeling from the [illegible] there at the stoop with composed figure and forbearing knew that the vindictive passion had been [illegible] and that the [illegible] from the farm-house he [illegible] unconsciously emerging from the shaded lane into the open meadows, as he took the most direct route to the village.

The father of Henry Thornton sent him to the gentle young to to enforce college and every means he retained home to his dedicated purpose, and as natural as well as paternal years. Rich both land, and extensive [illegible] Thornton, a proud spirited to the father that to see his son wedded a connexion without the pale of the aristocratic circle in which he was born, and so thoroughly imbued was he was with the prejudices of caste that he never anticipated danger or escape the intended voyage. And when he heard with his own the fact that time to remain in the vicinity of the college during the vacation, at an end he was that there was absent from home he merely required it as a good opportunity to pursue an idle fancy. And yet Thornton was an honorable minded young man, and intended evil least of all to the unoffending girl whom by no means addicted, but with the thoughtlessness of youth he paused not to consider whether he might not possibly [illegible] the beautiful creature [illegible].

Somewhat [illegible] Thornton, [illegible] on Lowell, but was [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]